

age of eight and forty years. He stands before all, whatever their state or position in life, as a guide and patron under whose banner they would do well to place themselves. Under his special protection they would learn to love and pray, to love and practice the holy virtue of purity, to preserve their souls clean, innocent and acceptable in the sight of God. No one can tell how many thousands owe to him and the Angelic Warfare their salvation from the corruption of six and the flesh. God alone knows how many thousands rose from the mire and filth of incontinency and became shining models and examples of grace, of spiritual beauty and sanctity through His intercession and devotion to the Angelic Warfare."

THE KEEPING OF SUNDAY.

When the Master of the House is called Baalzebub, they of the household need not crave a better name; and if the Lord of Universe was accused of breaking the Sabbath by walking in the fields, His bride must be willing to be taunted for being found at His side. In the eyes of the Dissenter, Catholics, as a body, fail to keep holy the Sabbath day. What he means by the Sabbath, and on what he bases his keeping of it, he is not quite clear. Not till the time of Moses did the observance of the day begin; though in Genesis we are told that "God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." To a people of shepherds a non-working day was not either an agricultural life, the privilege of a day of rest for man and beast is asserted in the Book of Deuteronomy. The Hebrew is there told to keep the seventh day as a day of rest, not because the Creator rested on it, but in order that "thy man slave and thy maid slave may rest even as thou."

The Decalogue exalted the beneficent regulation into a binding law. The Dissenter does not, however, pause to reflect that the commandment applies to the Saturday instead of the Sunday, and that he has no authority but that of the Catholic Church for the transfer. "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath," and His Church inherited the dominion. Our Lord, besides exposing Himself to the criticism of the Scribes, declared the Sabbath is "made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and remarked the inconsistency of those who loosed an ox or an ass on the Sabbath, yet were shocked when He on the same day "loosed a daughter of Abraham whom Satan had bound." But he did not abrogate the Sabbath. This was the work of the Church. "Let no man judge you," says St. Paul, "in the matter of the Sabbath Day." In commemoration of Christ's resurrection, and to distinguish it forever from the Sabbath of the Old Law, the first and not the seventh day was chosen by the Apostles as a day of special devotion to God. It is called in the Apocalypse "the Lord's Day;" and in the Acts we are told how the disciples came together on the first day of the week to break bread.—American Herald.

THE CHARM OF BELGIUM'S CHURCHES.

Writing from Brussels, "Carlebel," a gifted correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says: "The churches are heavy and dark, with massive Norman towers, at which one cannot look long without a sickening sense of helplessness, perhaps occasioned by their immensity and our own insignificance. But within the churches of Belgium have one superlative charm, in spite of the fact that they are not decorated with frescoes, which ornament and give color to the churches of Italy, for it would have been impossible to preserve frescoes in such a climate. The pictures are votive offerings and are placed on a high altar, the gift of a league or an emperor to commemorate a miraculous interposition in favor of the Flemish or in honor of a favorite saint. And to one accustomed to the warmth and color of the churches of the South there is a sense of missing.

"But a certain absence of sensuousness is forgiven in the realization of the highest religious feelings and atmosphere of solemn and penetrating devotion. From 6 in the morning till after 12 a succession of worshippers attends the Masses, and during that time absolute silence and order are kept. No pictures are shown, no tombs may be visited; there are vergers in uniform present to exact the keeping of the rule. With all the impatience of a sightseer one is apt to fret against the delay this regulation imposes, but let one step out of the clear sunshine into the tempered gloom of the Cathedral, look through the vista of arches to the nave where the altar is aglow with lights and the choir in white vestments are on their knees, and for the aesthetic effect alone one is willing to wait. It was for this the church was built, that sculptors adorned it, artists painted it, and only in your role of spectator have you no part in it. They to whom it belongs are the old women in the black cloaks and creped caps kneeling against the pillar; the little bare-footed girl with her wooden shoes in her hand; the lay Sister in her wonderful blue woollen dress and starched linen bonnet; to the seamed and seared old man with the medals on his breast and the coat, like Joseph's, of many colors. Did not St. Francis bless the beasts? Then, too, the dog of Flanders, with his strained muscles and great shaggy hide, who has left his cart and crept into the quiet shelter for a breathing space, here also has a place. And yet

I own that we suppressed a sigh of disappointment when the scintilla refused to move the baldachin and let us see the Madonna of Bruges without obstruction. Will the learned and traveled reader permit its humblest correspondent to remind her that this is Michael Angelo's most pleasing of Madonnas—soft, pensive, feminine, while the exquisitely modeled naked Child is like a lily springing from a stalk? We will not see its like again from the same hand till we look at the Pieta in St. Peter's which he carved when beauty, not muscular power, claimed him as her votary.

A CONVERT'S FIRST CONFESSION.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, the brilliant writer, relates in his book, "A Troubled Heart," how he made his confession after he became a Catholic. He says: "Did any one ever approach the mysterious portal of the confessional for the first time without a feeling of awe? My turn came at last. It was on a night when many penitents were gathered in the dimly lighted chapel. For a time I held aloof, not knowing exactly what to do, or how to do it. Of course the formula and the instructions were in my prayer book—I had long since purchased a prayer book—but I felt awkward and half afraid; and so I knelt apart from the others, and patiently awaited my turn.

"People came and went. Probably the majority of them knew what priest was in each confessional; but I knew not, nor did it matter at all to me. What worried me now was how to get safely in there, how to get through my confession with as little confusion as possible, and then how to get safely out again. I saw that I must kneel in the train of those who were to be confessed, one after the other, and follow them as they drew nearer and nearer to the curtain that hung before the little closets of the confessional; and, so, finally, there could be nothing for me to do but to enter as the last one made his exit. I did this, with my heart climbing up in my throat, as if I got closer and closer to the cloistered priest. I was intent upon my prayers, and upon the formula with which I had striven to make myself familiar, and was almost unconsciously getting on and on towards the hidden one. All at once some one who was next before me arose and disappeared. I looked after him, he had secreted himself behind the swaying curtain. There was a pause, a very long pause it seemed to me, and then I heard a rustling and a chatter as of a sliding shutter. A penitent emerged from the farther side of the confessional, and his place was immediately filled by another.

"By this time I heard unintelligible whispering near me, or a deep sigh now and again, and soothing sibilants that flowed continually, until the invisible shutter was sid back again. Almost immediately my side of the confessional was vacated. I arose and entered, kneeling fearfully in that small chamber—no doubt one of the smallest chambers in all the world. A heavy green curtain shut in the darkness; I saw only that there was a crucifix upon one hand, and a little square lattice with a gauze screen behind it, directly in front of me; and that this lattice was closed by a solid inner shutter, I heard faintly the whisper of the confessor, who was beyond the screen; and I waited now full of contentment and quite at ease.

"The exquisite sense of secrecy and privacy—as if I were literally out of the world, and far beyond its reach—thrilled me with a strange joy. It seemed to me that there I could wait hours without impatience; but I heard the rustle and chatter again and in the next moment the inner shutter was slid away and I saw the profile of a priest whom I had frequently seen, dimly outlined against the faint gray light that shone beyond him. It was a sudden though not unexpected climax, and I was thrown off my guard. I began in great embarrassment the confession which I had made to myself over and over again, and in less than half a moment found myself hopelessly involved. There was but one thing to be done then, and I did it with all my heart. I threw myself upon the mercy of my confessor. I said: "Father, this is my first confession; please help me to make a good one."

"From that moment I felt as if I held God's ambassador by the hand—and how I clung to him! I felt as if he had thrown his protecting arm about me, as if he would henceforth aid me and stand between me and the temptations of the world. I then had but one wish: it was that I might search my heart and find if in some dark corner of it there were not still the shadow of a lurking sin and that I might then root it out and bring it to him in absolute contrition. I wanted him not to dismiss me yet, but to reproach me again as gently and as gravely as at first, and to offer me once more that consolation he had already so freely given. Then came the absolution, like a fountain of healing and refreshment; and I was bidden to go in peace.

"O what joy entered into my soul when I passed from that confessional and prostrated myself before the altar of the Mother of God! Rapt in the profound spirit of love and trust and gratitude, I felt the inexpressible happiness of the child who knows that he is freely and wholly forgiven."

A good man said well in his prayer: "O God! give Thy love and pity to the wicked, for already thou hast been merciful enough to the good, making them virtuous and Thine own."

ANOTHER DANGEROUS STIMULANT.

President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University asserted the other day that people nowadays read too much. He said: "Reading is a kind of crazy that has got hold of the people. It is a dangerous habit, like a stimulant. The publishers are constantly putting forth new attractions in the field, and the reviewers excite our appetites. It is no doubt very pleasant to be up to date, well posted and in the swim about the latest issues from the press, but we are all in great danger of reading too much."

This is very true. From the small boy who goes crazy from devouring Jesse James stories to the devotees of Zola and Ibsen, there is a general mental and spiritual debauch on reading. Some unfortunates—for they can be called nothing else—have so far succumbed to the reading habit that they aim to skim through, at least everything that the publishers publish and reviewers exploit. Read slowly. Read surely. Read well. Read helpfully, healthfully and uplifting books. A book is not necessarily good because it is new, or because it is advertised widely. A friend of ours the other day, whose business it is to read nearly all the new books, complained of being utterly tired of it, and asserted, whimsically, that the parts of the new verb "to write" were "wrote," "wrote," "rot." And "rot" though not an elegant word, is eminently fitted to express the first thought that arises on perusing some novels. Milton thought it was of the greatest consequence to the state to have vigilant eyes how books themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice upon them as malefactors; but he says, "A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed, treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." It behooves us, then, to read good books. At present we seem to have gone crazy on promiscuous reading. We never question whether a book is worth while or not. We are so busy reading we have not time to think.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Black Orator.

From the Ave Maria.

We quite agree with the "Bookman" that the following sentences from an exhortation delivered by a Negro preacher at a revival in Atlanta show a very high degree of "untutored native eloquence and of primitive imagination which rises to the heights of the sublime."

"Oh, me! What you gwine ter do w'en you see de devil comin' in a hall standin' drivin' a pair of white hosses, wid de lightning fer reins, en de thunder bakin' lak a honn' dog at his heels; en him kicken' de big hills out his way, en drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful w'en he feel thirsty, en takin' de rou' worl' in his two han's en hitchin' it at de stars lak hit wuz a base ball? I ax you, plain en constant, what her gwine ter do en whar you gwine ter stan' w'en de devil do dat?"

This is, as our clever contemporary says, absolutely apocalyptic; the language is forcible and the imagery Miltonic. But the suggestion that it may, after all, be the work of some white man is wholly unnecessary and extremely improbable. One of the most highly colored and imaginative discourses we have ever read was written and spoken by a black orator.

PAIN-KILLER IS JUST THE REMEDY needed in every household.

For cuts, burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it, apply to the wound and the pain leaves. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which worked down my hearing totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

BE SURE THAT your blood is rich and pure. The best blood purifier, enricher and vitalizer is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

KEEP your blood pure and your stomach and digestive organs in a healthy condition by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be well.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Getting

up from any sickness, no matter what sort, begin with a little Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

From a Sermon by Father Coupe, S. J.

The best way, perhaps, to practice yourself in the conscious presence of God is by the method of ejaculatory prayer, and it is well to select indulgent prayers. You are tempted, let us say, to sin; you reflect for an instant that God's eye is upon you—that is the act of faith—and then you make the act of will: "Incline unto mine aid, O God; O Lord make haste to help me." Or you are wearied with work, and you pause a moment to think of God and to say, "As the hunted stag panteth after the fountains of living water, so doth my soul long for Thee, O God." Or you are gazing upon the sky, sown with stars at night, and you reflect how that God with finger tip is marshalling these mighty spheres as they wheel in their vast orbits through the heavens, and you say, "The heavens and the earth are full of Thy glory, O Lord." Some love to look on flowers and to think of the beauty of God which flowers faintly shadow forth. Others love to gaze upon the restless sea, with its resistless ebb and flow, and to ponder the awful power of God, of which the sea is so speaking a type. Indeed, all nature is a book that tells of God's presence, and at every page we can admire the power, the beauty, the grandeur, the providence, the loving kindness of our unspokeable God. But, most precious during the day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus petitioning for your love, Jesus stands like a suppliant at the door of your heart and knocks for admittance. Do not refuse Him. Do not overlook Him. And there is no need to receive Him with ceremony; no need for fine speeches or well turned phrases. When you hear the clock strike, sign your cross and say, "O Sacred Heart of Jesus I implore that I may love Thee daily more and more." Or, if that be too long, say simply, "My Jesus, mercy," or "Thy Kingdom come." Nay, you need use no words at all. Think but of God's presence and make a momentary, inarticulate act of love of Him, and though it has cost you but a fraction of a second, in that moment of time you have stored up for yourself rich treasure of that golden coinage of the spiritual mint by which heaven is bought.

Sleeplessness.

You can't sleep in the calmest and stillest night, if your stomach is weak, circulation poor, and digestion bad. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach, improves the circulation, perfects digestion, and brings about that condition in which sleep is regular and refreshing. It does not do this in a day, but it does it—has done it in thousands of cases.

If you are losing appetite, lying awake nights, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it's just the tonic you need.

LARGE SAMPLE OF THE WONDER WORKING K.D.C. PILLS

MIGHTY CURER OF INDIGESTION and all other Stomach Troubles

TEST IT PROVE IT

Highest Endorsements

Mention this Paper.

K.D.C. Co., Limited, New Glasgow, N.S. or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

10 Cts.

"CATHOLIC BOOKS FOR CATHOLIC HOMES."

Are you interested in the education of our young people? School teachers, parents, students, consult Dr. Thomas' O'Hagan's "Canadian Essays." No Catholic home should be without this truly patriotic work. Cloth, 25 pp., post free, 25c.

BLAKE WEST SIDE CATHOLIC BOOKSTORE

602 QUEEN WEST, TORONTO.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

High-class Church and Cathedral Windows

Equal to any English or American work

HOBBS MFG. CO. LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

PURE GOLD JELLY POWDER

Joyfully Quick and Healthy too.

Beware of Imitations.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

If thou couldst but purify thyself will from affection to creatures, Jesus would willingly dwell with thee.

Thou wilt find all that in a manner lost which thou hast placed in men out of Jesus.

Do not trust nor rely upon a windy reed; for all flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the field. (Isas. xl, 6.)

Thou wilt soon be deceived, if thou regard only the outward show of men. For if thou seek comfort and thy gain in others, thou wilt often meet with loss.

If in all things thou seek Jesus, doubtest thou wilt find Jesus. But if thou seek thyself, thou wilt indeed find thyself, but to thine own ruin.

For a man doth himself more harm if he seek not Jesus, than the whole world and all his enemies would be able to do him.

Bronchitic Asthma

Is now easily cured, not by pouring noxious destructive drugs into the stomach, but by inhaling Catarrhose. Drugs do more harm than good, but the soothing, healing, medicated air that Catarrhose supplies to the lungs and bronchial tubes cannot fail to benefit. Catarrhose prevents those smothering spasms and headaches, cures the cough and makes breathing easy. Universally used; doctors recommend it; druggists sell it, 25c and 50c a box.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, cold, or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Huckle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folk like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour.

CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, **CUTICURA OINTMENT** to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, for the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for obstinate weaknesses, and for many sensitive antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hops insure sound sleep.

One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Drugist, General Agent, TORONTO.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION

Can be Seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET.

SMITH BROTHERS

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

Sole Agents for Pacific Water Heats. Telephone 588.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS.

180 King Street, Opening Night and Day. Telephone—Rousse 278; Factory 64.

Run Down

That is the condition of thousands of people who need the stimulus of pure blood—that's all.

They feel tired all the time and are easily exhausted.

Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not the strength to do nor the power to endure.

William Ross, Sarnia, Ont., who was without appetite and so nervous he could not sleep, and Leslie H. Swift, Dublin, Pa., who could not do any work without the greatest exertion, testify to the wonderful building-up efficiency of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies the blood, gives strength and vigor, restores appetite and makes sleep refreshing.

It is the medicine for all debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS')

From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgic, chilblains, cramps, and all ailments which betoken colds or flu. It is the best remedy for all these ailments, and is the best remedy to have near at hand in all cases. Sold Internationally and Exported.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED.

We teach full commercial course, as well as full shorthand course. Full eight semester course. Full telegraphy course.

Our graduates in every department are to-day filling the best positions.

Write for catalogue. Address: J. FRITH JEFFERS, M.A., Principal, Belleville, Ont.

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

Re-opens for Fall Term SEPT. 3rd, 1901.

Young men and women who wish to be successful in their careers should get a practical education and be ready to start on Opening Day.

C. A. FLEMING, Principal, OWEN SOUND.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms including all ordinary expenses, \$100 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. D. CUSHING, C.S.B.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Course. Shorthand and Typewriting.

For further particulars apply to—Rev. THOMAS SPREY, President.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 3rd.

CENTRAL Business College

STRAITFORD, ONT.

Never before in the history of our college have our graduates been so remarkably successful in securing excellent situations immediately on leaving college as during the present year. A business education such as can be obtained in our school, is the substantial foundation of a successful life.

May we send you a catalogue? W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto.

Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

A strong school. Ten regular teachers. Fine equipment. Good results. Write for circulars.

W. H. SHAW, Principal.

The LONDON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co. of Canada.

Head Office, LONDON, ONT.

Authorized Capital, \$ 500,000

Subscribed Capital, 100,000

Business in Force over 50,000,000

Hon. JAS. DIXON, GEORGE GILLIES, President, Vice Pres.

H. W. ADDINGTON, Secretary and Manager.

L. LEITCH, JAS. GRANT, D. WEISSELER, J. SHIP, Inspectors.

Over \$2,000,000 paid in losses. Lowest rates. Losses promptly settled.

AGENTS: A. W. BURWELL, 476 Richmond Street.

BUY..... COWAN'S COCA and CHOCOLATE

And get the Choicest Quality

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONORARY Graduate, Toronto University, Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, 189 Dundas St. Phone 1381.

DR. STEVENSON, 301 DUNDAS ST., S.W. Specialty—Anesthetics, Phonoscopy.

DR. WAUGH, 53 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, 185 QUEEN'S AVENUE, Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested. Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4.

CHURCH BELLE PEALS and CHIMES OF LARGEST SUPERIOR IRON COPPER AND EAST INDIA TIN ONLY.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

100 B. W. AVENUE, LONDON, ONT.

ESTABLISHED 1826.

MANUFACTURERS OF BELL'S PATENT FOUNDRY BELLS.

W. M. MENEELY & CO., BURLINGTON, Vt. TEL. METAL WORKS. CATHOLIC PRESS FREE.